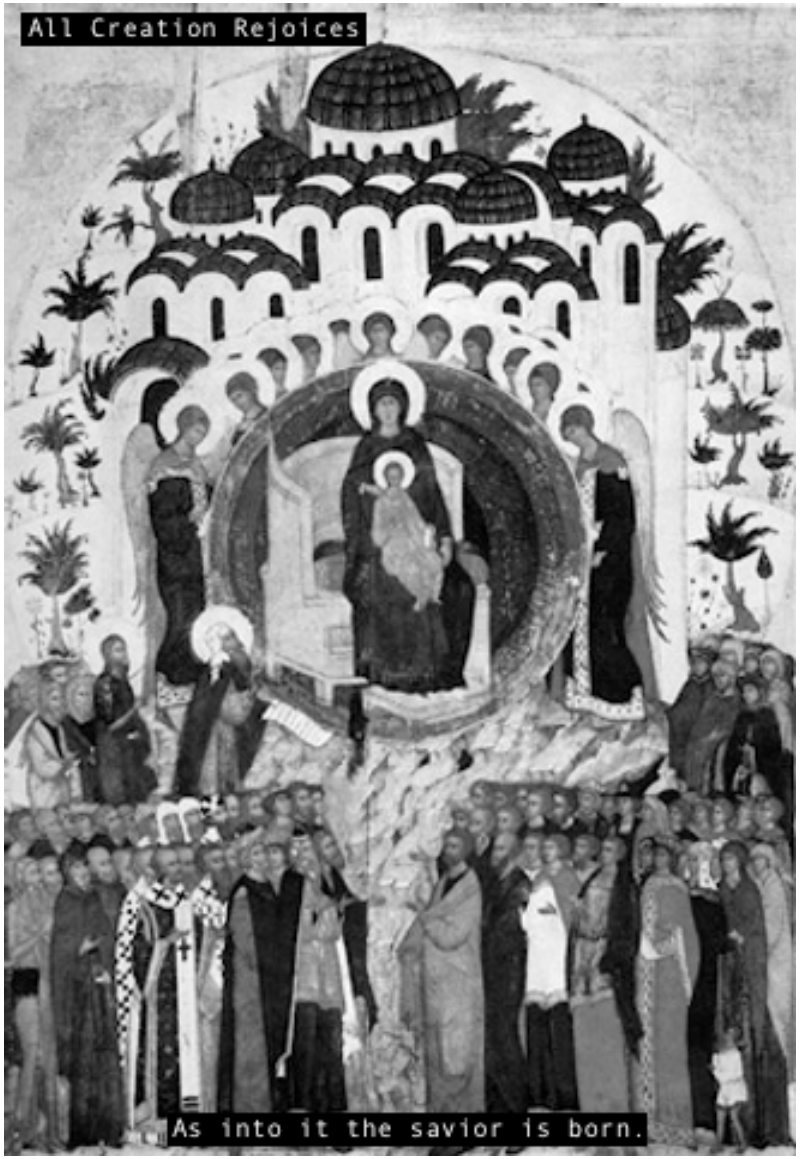

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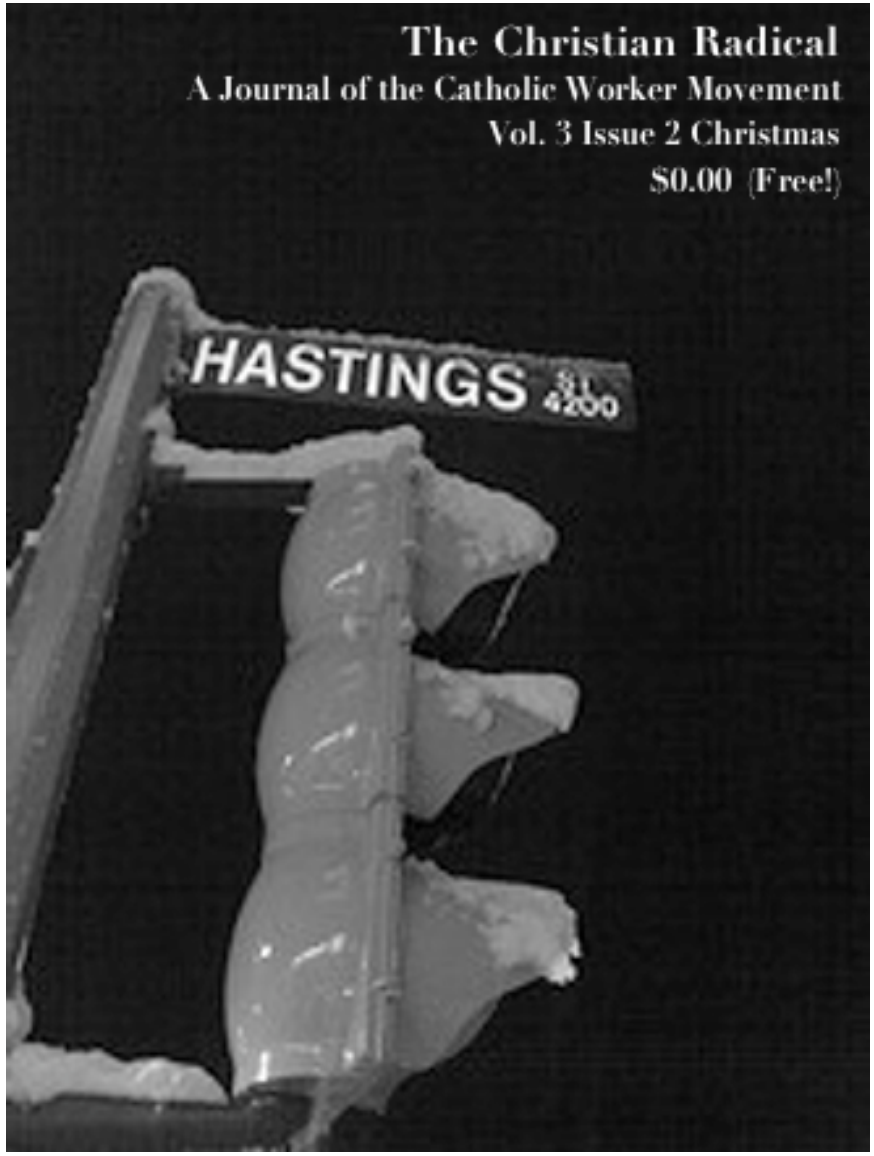

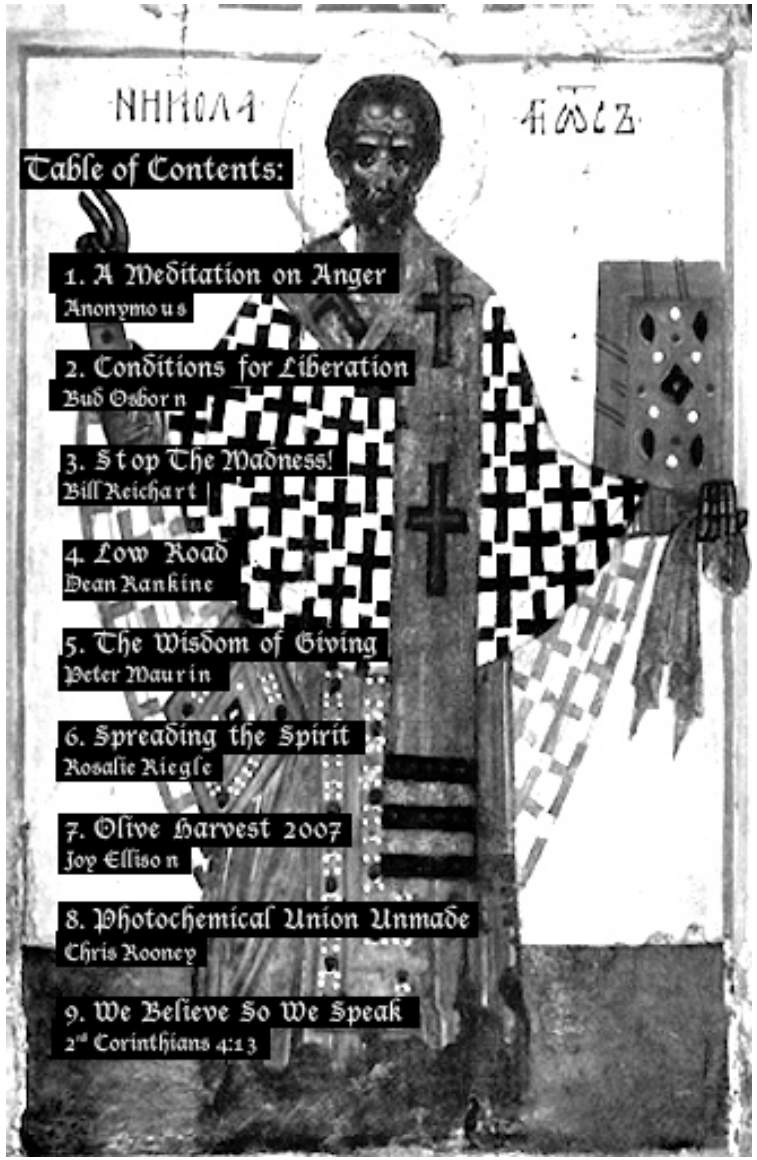

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Useful links and Resources:

-Catholic Worker Websites:
www.catholicworker.com
www.catholicworker.org
www.lacatholicworker.org
www.ca.geocities.com/vancouvercatholicworker
www.catholicworker.com/bookstore/index.html
www.cjd.org

-Radical/Progressive Christianity
www.jesusradicals.org
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www.catholicanarchy.org
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-Anti-War
www.stopwar.ca
www.ivaw.net
www.serve.com/nukeresister
www.resisters.ca
www.wri-irg.org
www.plowsharesactions.org
www.cpt.org

-Activism
www.foodnotbombs.net
www.vcn.bc.ca/citizens-handbook
www.iww.org
www.deathpenalty.org
www.freegan.info
www.justicia4migrantworkers.org
www.noiivan.blogspot.com
www.streamsofjustice.org
www.thekingcenter.com
www.witnesstorture.org

-Other Good Websites:
www.vancouverdiy.com
www.muzzlewatch.org
www.southcentralfarmers.com
www.commongroundrelief.org
www.teachingforpeace,org
www.jonahhouse.org
www.primitivism.com

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A meditation on anger

Anonymous

A few months back I was on a retreat. It was a great time; lots of new people, lots of drinking. Not so much new info, but free room, board, and drinks.

There was a gentleman on the retreat, who's name I now forget. Long story short, he was married. Had two kids. Seemed like a really nice guy. One night, while drinking and partying, this gentleman got mauled by two girls on the retreat. They were shamelessly hitting on him. They knew he was married, but didn't seem to care. One was all over him. He resisted at first, but he was loaded and eventually stopped resisting so hard. He did not make out with or sleep with either girl. I ended up walking him back to his cabin, and then returning to the party.

The point of this story is what was going on in my head during the incident.

I was angry -- furiously, unbelievably, angry -- angrier than I have been in a very long time. So angry it was hard to breath. Granted I had been drinking, a lot, but I am not an angry drunk.

My anger perplexed me.

But as I walked, holding my anger out to God, it started to make some sense. I was angry because these girls knew this man was married. That he had children. And they did not see the harm this behavior could bring to the family. From their point of view, it was harmless fun. But in a larger perspective, it wasn't.

They guy was feeling fucked up about the whole thing on the walk home. He was guilty and distressed. More, he had to go see his wife the next day, feeling those feelings, and decide if he a) wanted to just forget about it and move on, waiting for the feelings to die, or b) tell her.

I was angry because this guy wasn't being more firm in his no. He was risking harming himself and his family for some drunken fun.

Now, it's quite possible that I was misreading the whole situation, and that his wife wouldn't have been distressed by this at all. But in the situation, it seemed pretty intense to me, and I'm pretty sure his wife would have minded.

Actions stretch beyond the immediate moment, often in ways we can not see. One important lesson I garnered from this.

More importantly, I got a perspective on God's anger that was new, and strangely comforting.

I was angry, furious really, because I liked this guy and could see how the actions he was getting involved in could hurt him, his wife, and his kids. Anger arose out of concern for him.

I think God's anger is like this in a sense. God loves us. Madly. Totally and completely, without reservation or qualification. God also sees perfectly. He sees the way(s) action stretches out into this world, the cause and effect if you will. I think this is why a loving God can be furiously angry.

Sin threatens us. Personally and corporately. There is a harm to the person caused by sin, and a harm to the community. I think this is why God hates sin. Because it brings more pain and suffering into this world. And because we willingly choose it. We none of us live alone. Our actions stretch beyond ourselves into this world, in turn affecting the actions and choices of others, and thereby directly, to a greater or lesser extent, shifting this world of ours either toward or away from love.

I think this is important. Being made in God's image, human beings have a creative power over the world we inhabit. Through our actions, we birth love, or suffering.

And God, being love, and loving us madly, when He sees us threatened, when He sees us willingly choose to bring pain into this world, when we very directly cause this world to slide away from Him, however minutely, and Creation becomes further wounded, becomes furious. His love gives birth to anger.

So there I was, having this intense vision of how action pours through creation, giving rise to life or death, and I got a little, well, self-righteous. I thought, "I get how God can be angry. Anger can be righteous. Anger can be holy and good."

And God said, "you're also angry because you wanted to sleep with that guy too. You're jealous. You're frustrated that you won't behave like those girls."

Oh.

And God told me to forgive the girls. Because they were blind to the harms they were causing. They simply didn't see them. And to forgive the guy. And to forgive myself. Because all of us were blind. None of us see perfectly. We all screw up. We all choose evil sometimes, not knowing it is evil. And sometimes, we choose evil knowingly.

God reminded me to love the girls, and the guy, and myself. Because if I got all holier than thou, they wouldn't want to talk to me. Because if I screamed at the guy, he'd feel like shit, and wouldn't want to look at me. Because if I beat myself up, I wouldn't have a lot of life left to share.

And as God let me see His anger in a new way, this made sense. God's anger, being birthed in love, ends in love. His anger is aimed at the pain caused by sin and wants, above everything else, to remove it and to destroy the cause of that pain.

God isn't interested in destroying the suffering person, but in calling them back toward love.

God takes no pleasure in the death of a man, but would rather that he repent and live. (Ezekiel 33:11)

And so it is, I think, that a perfectly loving God can be angry, and that anger can be holy, just and righteous. And so it is that a perfectly flawed human can be angry, and be judgmental, proud and erroneous. And there is no contradiction.

This was a powerful experience for me. I no longer fear God's anger. I used to loathe the thought of judgment. I still balk at the doctrine of Hell. But I do not fear God's anger any longer. God's anger is birthed in love, and ends in love. It arises out of witnessing His loved ones threatened, and ends on the cross. Grace is cataclysmically powerful.

Grace, the broken body of Jesus, was love ending anger. It is a scream to us all, to look, to really look, at what we are doing. To see in the broken body of Jesus the wages of sin, to see the wounds we cause the innocent. God's anger, born in love, does not seek to destroy the object of that love, but to call it away from that which destroys it, and destroys others.

The cross then is a call. It is a foreshadowing. It says, "this is what you are creating, and where you will end up". Not because God has chosen to inflict punishment on us, but because we, through our own actions, give birth to the evil that will consume us.

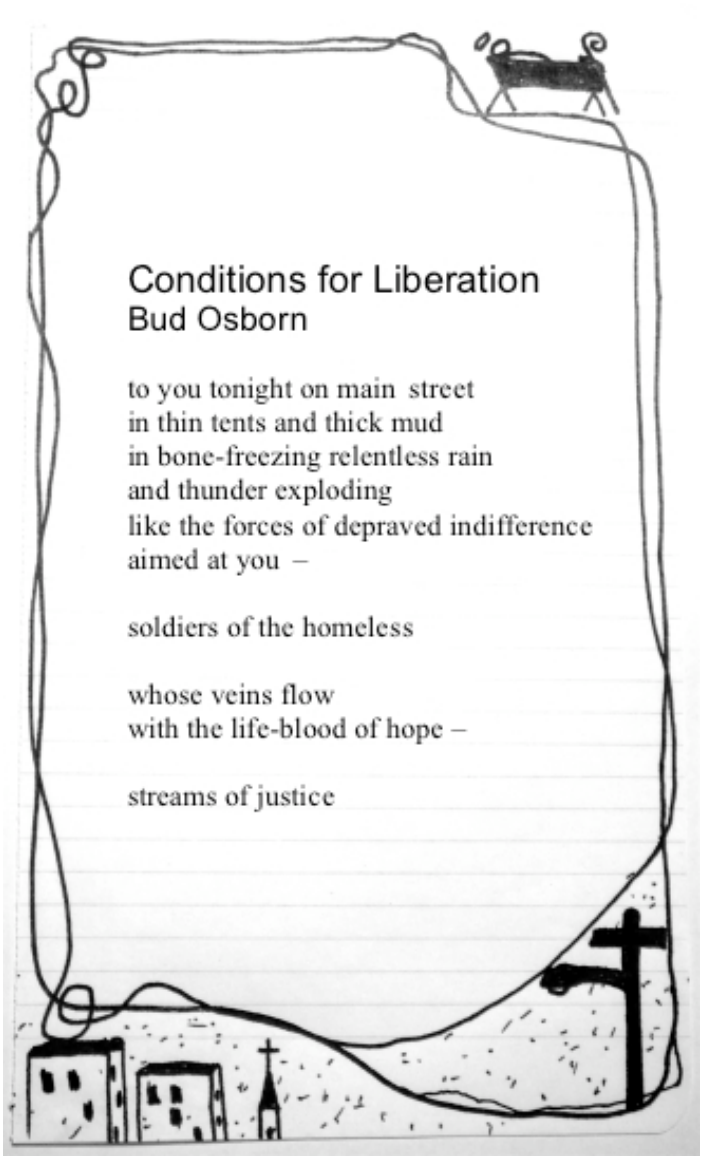
And the cross is where that evil dies. It is love destroying the source of the threat to the object of that love. For in the cross, in the broken body of Jesus, we see the prince of this world judged and the powers of darkness openly mocked. We see God taking judgment on Himself and offering a new beginning to the whole creation. We see Jesus, in His resurrection, foreshadowing the restoration of the whole creation.

And we see a blessed challenge: having witnessed the cross, where love birthed anger was quenched in love, we are called to leave off from lives that give birth to suffering, to put off the judgment and anger that died on that cross, and to take up the love that is willing to die to save strangers that despise it and live it out in this world.

And, in case anyone feels a little overwhelmed by that, to start by receiving God's immense love for yourself, and with it the knowledge that He is patiently leading you toward unimaginable glory one day at a time.

The Christian Radical is taking a holiday.

This year there will not be a January issue, Karl and I will resume printing in February. The deadline for the February issue is January 21st 2008. Merry Christmas!


Conditions for Liberation
Bud Osborn
to you tonight on main street
in thin tents and thick mud
in bone-freezing relentless rain
and thunder exploding
like the forces of depraved indifference
aimed at you –
soldiers of the homeless
whose veins flow
with the life-blood of hope –
streams of justice

Three ways that you can help The Christian Radical:

- Link to, or visit our blog **www.thechristianradical.blogspot.com** that's where the new online versions get posted each month and it's where you can read news and opinion pieces that don't get published in the zine itself. You can also sign up to receive the online edition in your inbox by writing to **the.christian.radical@gmail.com**

- Show your support by writing an article or sending us some original photography or artwork. The deadline is always the 21st of the month; send your work along with a *very* short bio (40 words or less) to **the.christian.radical.zine@gmail.com**

- Help us print this thing! We're tired of groups who seem more interested in cash money than grass roots participation, that's why we're ad free and don't ask for money. This zine is paid for by the people who print it wherever it's found. If you would like to help with printing it write to the address above and ask us, we'll happily add you to our list of printers.

- If you *really* want to give some money to someone please send your cash to the Vancouver Catholic Worker or a Catholic Worker community in your area. For a list of Catholic Worker communities world wide visit **www.catholicworker.org** or send your money to:

The Vancouver Catholic Worker
1143 East Pender Street
Vancouver BC Canada V6A 1W6

Thanks for reading and thanks for all of your continued support.

Chris Rooney
Karl Germyn
Editors, The Christian Radical.

BUY NOTHING CHRISTMAS
Stop the Madness!
Bill Reichart
Monday, November 26, 2007
Black Friday.
I know that I am a little late to the discussion about what happened last Friday. But since most of what happened last Friday is going to be repeated in some form or another throughout the next month until Christmas
Disgust. Embarrassment. Anger. Disappointment. Sadness.
These are some of the emotions that I experienced as I watched people pile into the stores on Friday morning. Up until Friday morning, I saw the hype. I watched the television commercials tell us that we need to wake up early Friday morning to take advantage of unprecedented savings. "Run, don't walk!" was the mantra of every television commercial and newspaper insert. If I hurry, stores will happily open early (some as early as 4am!!) so that I can take advantage of buying their cheap crap now.
What continued to amaze me was watching the television news on Friday evening. The camera's were in place to capture all the action. Reporters were sent to the stores. It was a big party, the stores had a carnival-like atmosphere. What did I see? -people pushing, running and screaming. People pushing over their fellow man in order to save $20 on a digital camera, or $50 on an Mp3 player. Good savings, sure. But at what cost?
People sacrificed their time. Thanksgiving is a time for family. It is a time for reflection and giving thanks. Thanksgiving is a time to look beyond one's self and give thanks to God, our wonderful creator and source of all blessings. In contrast, Black Friday is all about self.
Many of these sales demanded that if you wanted to save you had to be there early. The stores opened as early as 4am. But you needed to get there earlier than that in order to secure your place in line. I read stories of people leaving

Thanksgiving evening to spend all night in line. People sacrificed their sleep. They took time away from their families and from their homes. A lot of families approached the shopping day like planning for D-Day. Members split up, while in constant communication via cell-phone, in order to divide and conquer and maximize the coverage.

People sacrificed their dignity. I could feel the craziness and energy come through the television as I watched people shove and squeeze their way through the small, narrow portal doors of large department stores. People were worked up into a feeding frenzy. All social considerations were thrown out the window. No more was it women and children first, rather it was every man for himself.

Other people are to be seen as important and valuable and to be treated with kindness and consideration. But not on Black Friday. People are obstacles who are now in my way of getting the $500 LCD flat panel big screen T.V. If you have to trample over someone's fallen body, then DO IT! If you have to throw an elbow in order to grab a Nintendo Wii, then DO IT! Do whatever it takes because they don't call this day Black Friday for nothing.

People sacrificed their souls. Is this what we are? Is who I am defined as merely being a consumer. Is that my sole identity? Is that my sole purpose? God tells us that we are more than consumers. Our purpose goes well beyond mere consumption. We are to glorify God and enjoy Him forever (Westminster Shorter Catechism question #1)

Look!-let it be known that I like getting a good deal more than anyone. I rarely buy anything full price and will often wait for something to go on sale. But what I am angry about is how many of us are being led around by the nose by these stores and their contrived, manufactured sales.

They create artificial scarcity to build up need and angst. They manufacture hype and buzz. They tell us that we need to be there. They tell us we need to sacrifice everything to get it, our time, dignity and soul. And in return they will sell us stuff, already marked up 400%+, at a token discount, letting us believe that we are the smartest and luckiest people in the whole world.

Please - STOP THE MADNESS!!!

LOW ROAD
IF ANYONE WANTS TO TAKE THE SAME ROAD AS ME THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU'LL NEED TO DO.
YOU'LL HAVE TO PICK UP THE INSTRUMENT -OF-TORTURE-THAT -THEY'LL-KILL-YOU -WITH AND KEEP IT CLOSE.

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The Wisdom Of Giving

Peter Maurin

1. To give to the poor
   is to enable the poor to buy.

2. To enable the poor to buy
   is to improve the market.

3. To improve the market
   is to help business.

4. To help business
   is to reduce unemployment.

5. To reduce unnemployment
   is to reduce crime.

6. To reduce crime
   is to reduce taxation.

7. So why not give to the poor
   for business' sake,
   for humanity's sake,
   for God's sake?

Spreading the Spirit:

The European Catholic Worker Gathering

Rosalie Riegle

You can't kill the Spirit.
She is like a Mountain
Old and strong
She goes on and on and on
You can't kill the Spirit.

Singing these words over and over again, the 10th Annual European Catholic Worker Gathering began on Wednesday evening, May 16. Along with several other Catholic Workers from the States, I was privileged to join them. We met at Haut um See, a beautiful youth camp near Dulmen, Germany. Like the CW gatherings in the States, there was warmth, camaraderie, great healthy food, spirited argumentation, and singing late into the night.

The place was lively with young children. We slept in small cabins scattered over a wooded setting heavy with blooming hydrangeas and skirting a small lake. We gathered in a central building for workshops, meals, meetings, liturgy, and interesting meals, including a vegan curry to die for. Really! One afternoon we were served hot rhubarb kuchen with whipped cream.

European Catholic Workers came from the three CW houses and from Emmaus Community in Amsterdam; from Bread and Roses in Hamburg and Kana Soup Kitchen in Dortmund Germany, and from the London CW, which has a new farm with a 14th century farmhouse. Other extended community joined the group and the hosts made it clear than anyone interested in the Catholic Worker was welcome.

The first night was "get acquainted evening" with everyone dividing into groups and answering "getting to know you" questions. The next two days featured workshops on anarchism and nonviolent communication.

I offered "Oral History and the Catholic Worker" and we also showed Claudia Larsen's new movie on Dorothy Day, "Don't Call Me a Saint." Of course there was lots of free time for what's most important at all CW gatherings--the informal sharing of lives and hopes and dreams.

During Community Night, spokespersons from each community offered five minute updates, sharing successes as well as pitfalls, and making us all aware of the great commonalities within the Worker. Singing around a bonfire occupied the third evening while a hilarious and moving Cabaret Night entertained us on Saturday. (The American's skit might have been good if we hadn't forgotten most of our lines and spent too much time laughing at ourselves.)

Gospel reading, reflection, and Taize songs were offered each morning, but the highlight of the gathering for me was the Sunday liturgy. Fr. Bix and Peter Quillligan from Cleveland began by playing two disciples fishing on the lake in the small rowboat while the "fishers of men" Gospel was read on shore. Then we all wrote special prayers on folded paper, tucked flowers inside the packets, and floated them on the lake. (My special intention was for the Jeannine House.) Finally, we all went inside for our closing breakfast and singing and the sharing of Bread and Wine. "You can't kill the Spirit."

Olive Harvest 2007

By Joy Ellison

"This is insane," I said to my teammate Laura. We were sitting on a tarp under an olive tree not more than 20 feet away from an Israeli settlement. The Palestinian olive harvest had just begun and Laura and I were working in Susiya, a village that is surrounded by ideological Israeli settlers. Tension hung in the air and I was anxious to begin harvesting as soon as possible. Our hosts, however, had different plans. The Palestinian family that owned the land on which we sat was spreading out lunch - hummus, tomatoes and cucumbers, olive oil, tea and large round slabs of soft homemade bread. They were happily eating and chatting away, seeming to pay no mind to the dangerous area where they had decided to picnic. "Koli!" said the grandmother. Eat! I looked at Laura, dipped some bread into oil and did what I was told.

Over the last two days, Palestinians living in at-Tuwani and the nearby village of Susiya decided to harvest their olives in areas close to Israeli settlements and an Israeli army base, where Israeli settlers might attack or Israeli soldiers were likely to tell Palestinian landowners to leave. As the harvest began, we knew that harassment from settlers or soldiers was not only possible, but likely.

But the difficulties we expected never materialized. Instead, we peacefully harvested thousands of tiny olives. Over the two days of harvesting, about 200 Israeli peace activists, and five CPTers, helped Palestinian families harvest on their land. In the village of at-Tuwani, settlers came out of their settlement to watch the harvesters.

The settlement "security" guard, a man who regularly harasses Palestinians and CPTers, drove his pick-up on the road for everyone to see. But the shear number of people, especially Israelis who were willing to stand up for the rights of Palestinians to use their own land, deterred an attack. For two days, ploughshares won out over swords.

In Susiya village, neither Israeli settlers nor soldiers arrived to disrupt our lunch. Instead, the grandfather with whom we sat told us about his family history as his wife thrust more and more food in our direction. We ate quietly, in the shadow of the settlement, and then began harvesting. It was utterly insane and completely miraculous.

Recently, one of CPT's friends told us that he's planning a demonstration. He wants to have Israelis, Palestinians, and CPTers gather in an area that is normally too dangerous for Palestinians to use. On one hand, this idea is ridiculous. But I'm learning that this sort of insanity isn't so crazy after all.

Photochemical Union Unmade

By Chris Rooney

The strangest things happened to me the other evening.

I was on my way to a film when I was handed a flyer by some generic looking guy in a hurry. I put it in my pocket without even thinking to look at it until after I got out of the film and was on the bus back home.

The film was about a group of American military grunts two of whom who raped and murdered a young girl in Iraq, killed her and her family then burned the house down.

It had a predictably unsettling effect on me.

More unsettling, perhaps, than I would have expected, and not simply for reasons of the war crimes themselves.

One day when I was in college, right after the war started, out of morbid curiosity and boredom, I went online and searched out, found and watched, a video clip of what was then the first beheading of an American soldier in Iraq.

I don't like to think about that.

I don't like to think about that, but in this film I saw the other night there's this scene where one of the soldiers in the same company as the war criminals gets kidnapped by a terrorist cell and beheaded on a video that gets broadcast on the internet as retribution for the girl's rape.

Un-nerved, on the bus, and wanting distraction from what I'd seen in the theatre I pulled out of my pocket that flyer to take a look at it. I was surprised by what I held in my hands:

a schematic which looked like some kind of bomb the title of the drawing read "12 gauge projectile something, something, photochemical union type 1".

Curious, I unfolded it and looked at the other half of the paper, there was the legend for the diagram, this thing, if it were assembled right and used would be kind of like a tiny grenade that you could load into a shotgun. Great stuff for a Romero zombie flick or Battle Royale, too fucked up for words sitting on a bus after that kind of movie.

I'm looking at it as I write this.

I was invited to write an unconventional love poem. And that's what this is.

I love life.

It's such a trite thing to say under any circumstances, usually when I think of that phrase I envision a guy winning the big jackpot or Winston from the first Ghost Busters film right after they defeat the giant stay-puffed marshmallow man and he's standing on the street covered in goop and as the credits start rolling he shouts out "I love this town, ha, ha, ha."

That or I think of two people in the late afternoon sitting together under a warm blanket on an autumn-draped sea wall drinking mulled apple cider and feeling that bracing air and the sounds of the waves and the gulls, one of these imaginary people—hugging the blanket closer and taking a sip—looks at his partner, maybe a girlfriend or wife and says in a dreamy tone… ahhhh honey, *I love* life.

But that's not what I'm here to write about. I'm here to tell you that I love *life*.

With the LIFE emphasized… maybe in all caps.

I love life, all life, every single living thing on the planet.

Sometimes, like tonight as I sit here and think about the atrocity exhibition I witnessed on screen or the cowards revolution I had sitting in my hands on the bus ride home I think about how much I love life and how sometimes it just makes me angry.

I'm against anything that would deprive a person of their ability to live, even a person who would rape a child or someone who would decapitate another man

on video, because even these people, if allowed to live with what they did might one day come to some kind of redemption.

And this is why I'm angry, I'm angry because the things that have to happen to a person for them to do such frightful things to others are done to them by people who do them not thinking about how much *they too* love that all caps LIFE.

I know hatred really well, I lived with it, I slept in the next room over from it, I ate it for lunch at school, I brought it out on my family members and they brought it out in me.

I know what hatred can do to people… it denies them their life.

And it deprives them of it by making it possible to consider those hated as something other than human.

Even if all it is to hate is to tell a person routinely that you wished they were dead, or never born.

Even if all it is to hate is to paint with broad strokes of tar and feathers, verbal tar like "retard", "faggot", "Islamo-fascist", or "self-hating Jew", and chicken feathers like the varied assumptions about those "fill in the blanks" we all think we know so well.

It's not a big step to take from de-humanizing a person to depriving them of life. Why do you think there's so much racism, sexism, and religious fundamentalism in the military, or the police?

As long as it's always a "them or us" sort of thing then it can never be anything more. Our dialogues, our ideologies, our discourse, our revolutions, our lives together with other lives… as long as we all frame our world in duo-tone we'll continue to forget that there's an infinite spectrum between black and white.

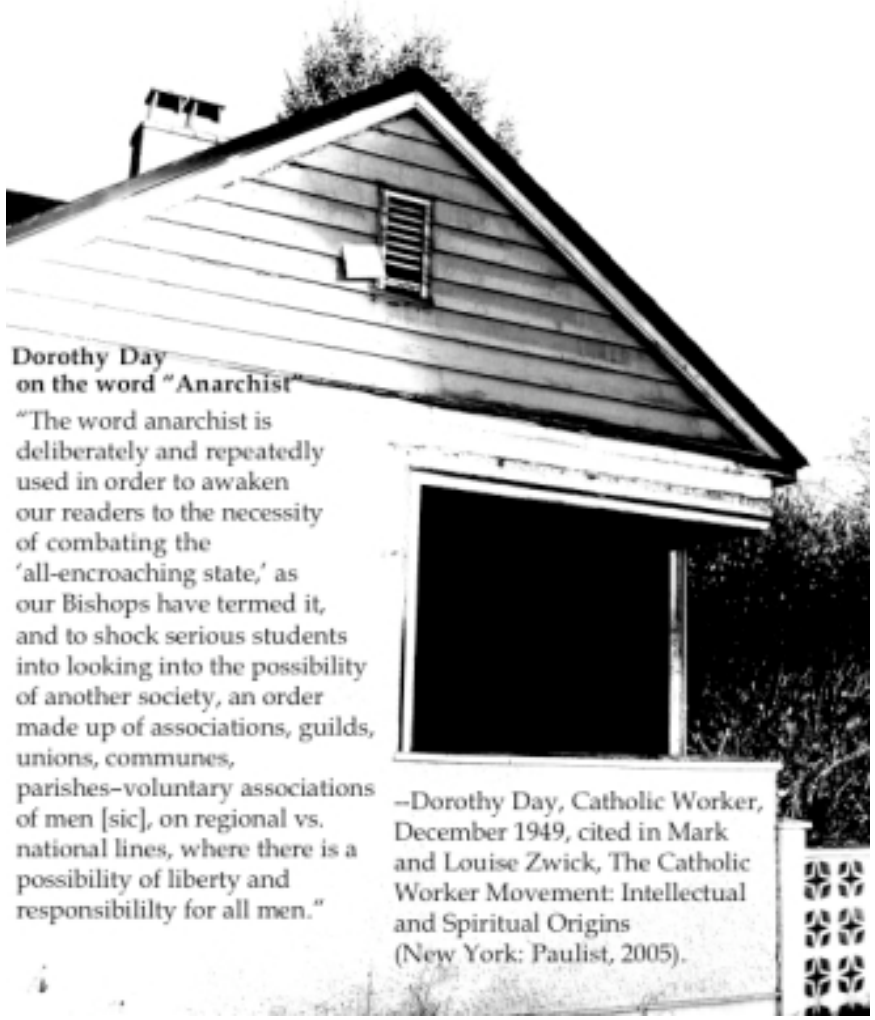
So often these days I hear people despair of the lack of strong leaders, people fondly remembered include, Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Che Guevara, Malcolm X, Pierre Trudeau, and Nelson Mandella. What I always find myself saying in response to this is that we have what we're given, and we're each given a lot more than maybe we realise.

Perhaps instead of waiting for the revolution to come down the mountain to us pre-packaged and lead by other people who we imagine to be stronger, bigger, or more visionary than us, maybe we should each re-connect with the love we have for life: ours and everyone else's, and then go from there.

After all change on someone else's terms is still change on someone else's terms.

And on the topic of revolutionaries let me quote Che Guevara,

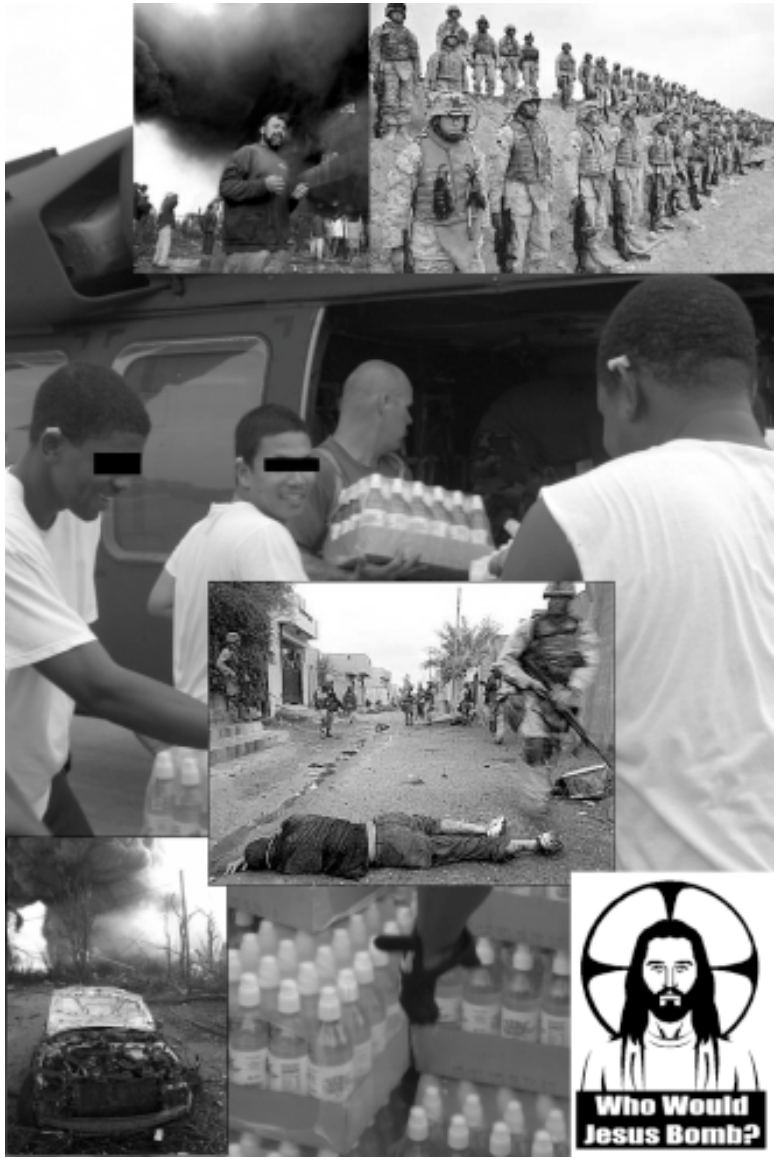
"At the risk of sounding ridiculous, let me say that the true revolutionary is guided by feelings of love."



Dorothy Day on the word "Anarchist"

"The word anarchist is deliberately and repeatedly used in order to awaken our readers to the necessity of combating the 'all-encroaching state,' as our Bishops have termed it, and to shock serious students into looking into the possibility of another society, an order made up of associations, guilds, unions, communes, parishes–voluntary associations of men [sic], on regional vs. national lines, where there is a possibility of liberty and responsibililty for all men."

–Dorothy Day, Catholic Worker, December 1949, cited in Mark and Louise Zwick, The Catholic Worker Movement: Intellectual and Spiritual Origins (New York: Paulist, 2005).



We Believe So We Speak

2nd Corinthians 4:13

Bud Osborn is a poet and activist in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver. He was the co-founder of the Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users, Creative Resistance and many other groups, and has published a number of books of poetry. He is a strong advocate for the poor, the addicted and the afflicted, giving expression to the truth and wonder of their lives lived under the brutality of social stigma and disdain.

Bill Reichart is the Pastor of "Doing Life Together" which involves Small Groups and Connecting at Big Creek Church in Forsyth County, GA. Prior to coming to Big Creek, Bill worked on staff with Campus Crusade for Christ for over 16 years. Over the years, Bill has worked with college students at University of Rhode Island, UVA, and Towson University outside of Baltimore, MD - his home town.

Dean Rankine is a part-time Community Development Worker with a Needle and Syringe Program and part-time cartoonist. His comics have appeared in publications worldwide. You can see more of his work online at - www.webcomicsnation.com/deanrankine

Peter Maurin b. May 9, 1877 d. 1949 was visionary and co-founder with Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker movement. He lived his whole life in holy poverty and though he never wrote a book his “Easy Essays” form a cornerstone of the movement’s philosophy.

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Most of the artwork in this months issue was done by Chris the rest was found on the internet or donated, the drawing on page 5 is by Kevin Larmee.